

## SONG OF THE HAMMOCK.

I. Maiden also  
Thinks of swing,  
Wants to go back,  
Too. Poor thing.

III.  
Hour of midnight,  
Baby agalling,  
Man in sock feet  
Bravely walking,  
Baby yells on,  
Now the other  
Twin, he strikes up  
Like his brother,  
Paregoric  
By the bottle,  
Emptied into  
Baby's throttle.  
Naughty tack  
Points in air,  
Waiting some one's  
Foot to tear.  
Man in sock feet,  
See him—there,  
Holy Moses,  
Hear him swear!  
Raving crazy,  
Gets his gun,  
Blows his head off,  
Dead and gone.

IV.  
Pretty widow  
With a book,  
In a hammock  
By the brook.  
Man rides past,  
Big mustache,  
Keeps on riding,  
NARY MASH.

Married now,  
One year ago,  
Keeping house  
On Baxter Row.  
Red-hot stove,  
Dreadful frying,  
Girl got married,  
Cooking trying,  
Cheeks all burning,  
Eyes look red,  
Girl got married,  
Nearly dead.  
Biscuits burn up,  
Beetsteak chatty,  
Girl got married,  
Awful sorry.  
Man comes home,  
Tears mustache,  
Mad as blazes,  
Got no hash,  
Thinks of hammock  
In the lane,  
Wishes madden  
Back again.

## THE CONSPIRACY OF THE WATCHES.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Yes, this is my room. I am here for safe keeping, and they are probably right to put me here. I certainly am a little queer at times. I have trouble, and you know sometimes it flies to the head, and then I am queer. I do odd things and make absurd speeches—remarks that might be misconstrued. It is the trouble, of course, for I am naturally light-hearted and cheerful. Oh, you wouldn't believe how cheerful! I was pretty, too, once; but that was a long time ago, before the trouble came, when I was eighteen years old, and still called the demoiselle Aline Richet, daughter of old father Richet, (so every one called him,) clerk to the archives of the department. I was considered the prettiest girl in St. Brion. At least, there was but one who had any claims to rival me, and that was Marceline Hon, the fisherman's daughter—she about whom the great scandal was. But her style of beauty was not to my taste, you know, for all her splendid color and wealth of black hair, her grand form and her shapely ankle. There was that in her hold, black eye which I did not like, and she was forward and free with the men. And it is no wonder that when that young artist came to the coast to sketch sea views, and put nothing but pictures of Marceline in his sketch-book, people wagged their heads and talked. I did not, however, for Marceline and I were always good friends, albeit the difference in social rank did not permit much intercourse between us. But when, some months after the artist went away, the poor little dead baby was found buried on the shore just where the tide came in, and Marceline was put under surveillance and interrogated by the police, I felt that it was my duty to have no more to say to her, although she was acquitted. But she gave us no chance to let her see what we thought of her, for as soon as the police were done with her she disappeared, and St. Brion saw her no more.

This much is to be said for Marceline Hon, that she had no education, and her people were a bad lot, wild and dissipated. So far I was much better off than she, for nobody was more respected nor respectable than Pere Richet, and he had paid half his small salary to have me educated at the best pension in St. Malo. When I came home at last and found how poor my dearie old father had kept himself for me, I took the housekeeping in hand myself. "Now, Monsieur Richet," I said, "you shall live as well as M. le Prefet." And I was for putting something in the cellar and larder too, so that he might have genuine coffee and wine every day, with a bottle of grand vin on holidays and Sundays, and salad and poultry and all that. But not he! Still stunting himself on eau sucre and chickory coffee, under pretense of saving a dot for me out of his salary. It made me so indignant that I told him I would marry the first man who came along, even if he had one eye and a wooden leg.

Sure enough, presently came M. de Verdier, and I married him. Not for spite, though, because I fell in love with him at first sight. And as for his eyes—perfect! And his wooden leg—if you could only have seen him waltz! Verdier was an engineer, come to St. Brion something about building a railroad or a pier. He was poor, but well connected, esteemed in his profession—in short, everybody said it was a good match. Bon Papa thought so too, I am sure, though he did not half like me to marry a man with whom it was up and away, here and there, any day in the year. Poor Papa! he only lived a year after I put my first baby in his arms. He left my little boy, his namesake, all his savings, and the good people of St. Brion all went to his funeral, such was their esteem for their ancient clerk of the archives.

Verdier did not make money fast. He was what you might call half crazy about inventions, machinery, and such like, and sunk many a bag of francs in such schemes. I told him often he would die and leave his children paupers, not that I believed it, though. He had plenty to do, and of the best kind, but in so many places. If I had named my children after the spots where they were born my family would have been quite an itinerary of the grande route. There was Victor at St. Brion—let me see—Aline at Dijon, Antoine at Buechrest, George at Segovia, Clarisse at Poggia, Mathilde at Bagni de Lucca—but what use to name them over, when all are dead? That is one of my troubles, you see, and no slight one, for they were such lovely children. George, with his face like an—but—passions! Let us not stop to read the epitaphs, because one's heart is a graveyard full of tombs—*Corpus Domini custodiat animas illas in vitam eternam. Amen!*

It was at Bagni de Lucca that Verdier heard of the outbreak of the war for Italy. He flung down his tools and hastened to Nice, met the army there, and volunteered to go with the Guides. Soon he had a com-

mission, and then presently, at Magenta, he won distinction such as seldom falls to a man twice—did service indeed critically important for the result of that desperate fight—and was nearly cut in two by the fragment of a shell. I hurried on to Alessandria to nurse him. Poor soul, he hovered for weeks between life and death, and the war was over and half forgotten when he recovered. Then he was summoned to Paris, and the Emperor gave him the cross of the Legion of Honor and the choice of a place in high official rank or a commission of Chef de Bataillon in the army. Verdier left it to me, and I preferred the army to the bureau, so Verdier was made major and assigned to staff duty in Paris. For the first time we came to live at the capital.

Verdier was forty-four then, a capable, accomplished man, and people made much of him. I was forty, a quiet mother of a family, content to live at home and enjoy my good husband's honors. But one day I received an invitation to accompany Verdier to a ball at the hotel of Mme. Pontac-Delfuss de Pontaque. "You must go, Aline," said Verdier; "Mme. Delfuss is a great lady of fashion and a good friend of mine, and Monsieur Delfuss is the one of the ministers most capable of advancing my fortunes." So I procured myself an elaborate toilet, and went, of course. It was a great occasion.

M. Delfuss was the man of the hour—immensely rich—great genius—superb orator—accomplished financier—statesman of the haute volée. His hotel was a palace—a treasure-house of art and magnificence. There were a thousand guests present—half the old noblesse—all the new—members of the imperial family from the Tuilleries as well as the Palais Royal—a dazzling scene. M. Delfuss received Verdier and me with great *empressement*—a little man with an immense big head and enormous spectacles over his round, green eyes. A grin on his lips and white, false teeth behind them—a stomach from chin to legs like a frog's, and thumbs bent way back like sickles. "Let me present you to Mme. Pontac-Delfuss," said he, turning to a superb figure in a superb dress. "Mon amie!"—the lady turned—it was Marceline Hon!

I was struck dumb, but Mme. Pontac-Delfuss de Pontaque, though she knew me quite well and was aware I knew her, made no sign. "I am charmed to meet the wife of my gallant friend Verdier," she said; "you must know he is a particular favorite of ours, and M. de Ministre and myself have resolved he shall be a brigadier. We were speaking of it to-day, were we not, my friend?" The Minister assented, and Mme. Delfuss, professing a desire to talk with me, led me to a seat. How lovely she was—how calm—how easy! All the time she was talking with me so kindly about myself and my family and my husband I was so confused I did not dare look at her scarcely, but all the time I seemed to see that poor strangled baby lying dead and deserted on the strand, and Marceline Hon with defiant black eyes asserting her innocence.

After the ball, when we got home, I told Verdier. "You must say nothing about it, of course," he told me; "she has it in her power to advance our fortunes rapidly, and she will be grateful for your silence." "Oh, but how can I meet her again, Verdier?" said I. "She is so calm, she wears such a mask, it makes me blush and stammer." "Nonsense!" laughed he; "the scandal is dead twenty years ago—be careful to do nothing to revive it." After that Mme. Delfuss invited me often, Verdier made me go, and my old compatriot paid me great attention, but never alluded to the past, nor seemed to know that she, like I, was from St. Brion. The past, indeed, I knew she wished to deny, for she called herself no longer Marceline, but Raymonde. Not that she could keep down all scandal, however, for Mme. Delfuss, though a great leader in society, was anything but a favorite, indeed was particularly unpopular because of her hauteur, her cutting sarcasm and her intriguing disposition. She carried it with a high hand, and her intimates avenged themselves with nods and winks and sly whispers. So I heard that the Delfuss were *nonneaux* riches and perfect parvenues—Delfuss an Alsatian iron-founder who had got rich by railroad contracts, and increased his wealth by enormous and lucky operations at the Bourse, favored by illicit trading in Cabinet secrets. His Pontac-Delfuss de Pontaque was a bought title, an "annexion," so to speak, his proper parent having been an honest blacksmith of the name of Pass. As for Madame Brave airs, was she not a chambermaid in an inn at Baden-Baden, and then a danseuse at Vienna, and afterwards an actress at the Strasbourg Theatre—if no worse? A pretty queen of fashion she, to dictate manners to the court and make the bluest blood of the Faubourg Saint-Germain dance attendance in her ante-rooms. "If no worse!" I thought when I heard was had enough, and kept my own counsel, went to Madame's dinners and balls, and received many attentions from her. M. Delfuss procured a colonelcy for Verdier, and the brigade was not far behind when the catastrophe came, promoted by my giddiness.

If there was anything which most provoked the ladies who visited Mme. Pontac-Delfuss and ate her dinners and danced at her balls, it was her way of being late and keeping her guests waiting, and then, when their patience was tired out, dropping languidly into their presence and carelessly hoping they would excuse her. Such things are annoying at any time, under any circumstances, besides being so impolite; but in Mme. Delfuss's case the evident intention with which the thing was done converted it into an impertinence of the worst kind. At last the thing got so bad that some of her acquaintances determined to punish her, and the conspiracy of the watches was set on foot to that end. I had received an invitation for Verdier and myself to dine at Mme. Delfuss's. The hour named was 8 o'clock, and the occasion was a special one. The day before the dinner I received a call from the Princesse de Manfredonia and the Countess Gatte, ladies whom I had met at the Minister's balls, but with whom I had no other acquaintance. I was highly flattered, of course, the more so that they told me they had come to consult with me. Yes, they wanted my advice about how to rebuke this insufferable insolence of Mme. Delfuss in treating her guests so badly—such an character, too—a woman of compromised character—to have no more respect, &c., &c. In an unguarded moment I said that, if they knew what I did—I checked myself—they pressed me—I told them the wretched story of Marceline Hon! They looked triumphantly at one another. I begged them not to repeat it. No indeed! Of course not! "But," said the Princesse, rising; "if you will aid us, we

will punish this mistress finely. We have lists of the guests to-morrow—we have bribed the major-domo—we have the consent of every invited person but yourself. Give us your co-operation, and the thing will be a success." "What am I to do?" "Simply prevent Colonel Verdier from going to the dinner; go yourself, bring your watch, and be present precisely at 8." I promised and the ladies left me.

Next morning Verdier made it easy for me by announcing that he had suddenly been called to go to Cherbourg with M. le Ministre and in the suite of the Emperor, but I would dine with Madame all the same. I went, and, as I had promised, reached the Hotel Delfuss punctually at 8. The dinner was for twenty guests. I found nine ladies already present, not a gentleman. Mme. Delfuss had not yet come down. The Princesse Manfredonia came to me: "You are late, Madame," she said. "Pardon," said I, "on the contrary, I am punctuality itself." I showed my watch. "Your watch is precisely an hour slow," she said, coldly, showing her own watch. It marked 9 o'clock. I was astonished. "My time agrees with that of all these dames," added the Princesse; "and, as you see, the official house-clock corroborates us." She pointed to the mantel-piece. In effect, the handsome bronze time-piece pointed to 9.

A servant passed through. The Princesse interrogated him. "Madame is still at her toilet," he replied. The Princesse rose. "Make my excuses to Madame, and order me a cabriolet." "And mine." "And mine." The nine ladies marched from the salon and left the house in a body. It was an evacuation—an emigration. I waited, all in a twitter. At 9:30 Mme. Delfuss came down. "Ah," she said, "these dames had good impatient, it seems." She looked at the clock—at her own watch. "And they have been tampering with the clock—it is a conspiracy, then!" "Madame is served," called the butler. "In good time," said she, cheerfully; "come, Mme. de Verdier, we will have the singular pleasure of a state dinner *en famille*." She led me into the dining-room, she made me eat all the courses, she was wonderfully affable and entertaining. "My dear," she said, as we sipped our coffee, "M. de Verdier's fortune is made." I thanked her, but trembled.

Next day the *Figaro* had an account of the conspiracy of the watches, the names only suppressed. Three days later M. de Verdier was gazetted brigade commander, and to have the first vacancy on the *Etat-Major*. Mme. Delfuss invited us to a grand ball in honor of my husband's promotion. We went. Not one of the nine conspirators had been invited. The following day I called upon Mme. Delfuss. She received me with great *empressement*, and talked in the most brilliant way. "The journals have a bright account of last evening's affair," she said, "with an appendix to it which I am sure will surprise you." She handed me a copy of the *Figaro*, and stood before me, watching me with glittering eyes. I glanced at the paper. "Account of the grand ball of Mme. Pontac-Delfuss de Pontaque." "Suppressed facts in the history of Marceline Hon, afterwards Raymonde Mortier." My head reeled—the paper dropped from my hands. "Madame is ill?" she asked, fixing me with her glittering eyes. "Thanks for your most lively sympathy. These things do not affect me thus. They only inspire me with the purpose of vengeance!" I could not look at her. I went home.

On the day when he was to have assumed his new rank Verdier was put under arrest. The charge was altering accounts and embezzlement. The case excited great attention. Much sympathy was expressed for Verdier, whom every one believed to be innocent, except the Minister Delfuss, in whose department the alleged frauds were committed. Verdier was well defended, but the proofs were conclusive. He was convicted of forgery and theft, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and a fine of 150,000 francs. On the morning after the sentence my good husband shot himself through the heart. "Monnaie," was all he wrote to me, "keep the children in the sure faith of my innocence and my martyrdom. Be brave for them. As for me, I lose courage, and so am of no more use in the world." This was one of my troubles, you see—not a light one, either.

The children! *Mon Dieu!* Victor was in the Eastern seas, ensign of a French frigate; the rest were with me. I gathered them to my bosom and fled to St. Brion. Surely, I thought, that woman will not pursue me there! The State took all our property; we were desperately poor, but some friends furnished us a house for the sake of Pere Richet, and we lived obscurely, struggling for our living. In vain! My infants slipped from my bosom one by one—by one—till all were gone. Pity me, friend! Victor, the savages slew him; Aline, name her not! *Mon Dieu!* they are every one gone! At last, when my little Mathilde lay dead upon my knees at night of the scarlatina, and I had buried her, I sold my little effects and prepared to return to Paris. I took a spade, I went into the cemetery, I dug up the wee bones of the little corpse found strangled on the sea shore, I tied them in a handkerchief, and took the railroad to Paris. It was night, and as I walked the streets I saw the salons of the gay Hotel Delfuss illuminated for a grand ball. I went in; with devilish cunning I made my way into the grand salon, into the midst of the astonished guests, into the trembling presence of Mme. Pontac-Delfuss de Pontaque. I faced her, I untied the knots of the handkerchief, I emptied the crumbling fragments of bones at her feet. "See, Marceline Hon," I cried, "I bring you the last remains of your murdered bastard!"

And then it was that they said I was queer, and had better come here to live; and I really think so myself.

## WHY THE TOY PISTOL IS DEADLY.

There are two kinds of toy pistols. One uses a small cartridge, charged with pure rifle powder, and similar in all respects except size to the ordinary pistol cartridge. The other explodes a detonating wafer, charged with a fulminating compound. The latter is supposed to be the dangerous weapon. The fulminate of mercury with which the wafer is charged is known to be a nerve-poison when taken into the circulation. It can be administered internally without serious danger. But if it passes into the system from the outside through an abrasion or cut, it will almost surely produce lockjaw and ultimately cause death. The toy pistols are clumsy instruments. The wafers seldom explode promptly, and, even when they do, throw off sparks and fragments that may break the skin of the pistol-hand. If through

these wounds the fulminate of mercury gets into the blood, lockjaw is a natural result.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## A HIDDEN ENEMY.

A Secret Prosecution of which a New Jersey Farmer Is the Victim.

For nearly three years, says the Philadelphia Press, Cooper Browning, a thrifty young farmer and dairyman, living on the Ellisburg turnpike, near Ellisburg, N. J., has been the victim of a series of outrages, the perpetrator or perpetrators of which he has been unable to discover. His barns have been burned and his cattle willfully poisoned. Liberal rewards have been offered to no purpose. Neighbors have done everything in their power without avail to ferret out Mr. Browning's enemy. Just now the persecuted farmer is being flooded with communications from all parts of the country offering for a money consideration to discover the author of the outrages.

For fifty dollars one woman, living in Bristol, Pa., offers to go into a trance, and not only describe the appearance of the perpetrator, but to give his name and the causes for his action. Another medium proposes to materialize the spirit of the French detective, Vidocq, who will at once disclose the whole story and suggest a remedy, while still another medium, claiming to possess the power of divination, says she will, with her mystic rod, point out the scoundrel within an hour, and asks the modest sum of ten dollars for so doing. Mr. Browning pays no attention to these offers, but is patiently waiting to get at the bottom of the mystery himself.

In was on the night of December 18, 1879, that the work of persecution began. A spacious barn, filled with farming utensils, a lot of unthreshed wheat and sixty tons of hay, was fired some time after midnight and burnt to the ground. Twenty-five valuable cows—fifteen of them being thoroughbred Alderneys and Guernseys—perished in the flames. Mr. Browning was then the proprietor of a remunerative milk route through Camden county, and the loss crippled him severely, not only in loss of custom, but for want of ready money, as the insurance company refused to make good the loss on a technical quibble. He set to work to retrieve, however, and removed to a new farm about five hundred yards north of the old one. In less than nine months Browning began to get on his feet again. On the 20th of November, 1880, not quite a year from the time his barn was burned, two Alderney cows, grazing in a field near the house, were observed by a farm hand to be rolling on the ground in great agony. Ten minutes later both animals were dead. Before Mr. Browning could recover from his surprise at the sudden and unexpected loss five more cows had died. This rapid fatality among animals known to be perfectly healthy led to an examination of the field where they had been feeding. No less than ten pounds of Paris green were found scattered broadcast over the pasture. It was then that Mr. Browning began to realize that he was the victim of a hidden enemy, and this belief was substantiated in October, 1881, when seven more cows and thirty-five hogs were poisoned to death with arsenic. The farm hands had gone to bed about ten o'clock and were up before three in the morning, and it was between these hours that the poison was placed in the feed chest, the feeding trough, and the trough of the pig-pen. One meal was enough to kill the animals very quickly, and an examination revealed the presence of at least twelve pounds of white arsenic. To make sure Mr. Browning had both poisons analyzed by Dr. Brown, of Camden. Customers began to demur about buying milk from a dairy farm where the cows were in such danger, and the unfortunate farmer began to lose trade rapidly. His total loss in money on the barns and live stock amounted to more than \$7,000. Sympathizing friends and neighbors did everything in their power to help him, and he is prosperous again and awaiting the next attack, which, according to the periods intervening between the others, will take place in September.

## THE VALUE OF EGG-FOOD.

The Popular Science Monthly contains some new facts in relation to egg food of special interest. One is that the eggs, even of animals which impress us most unpleasantly, have their value as food, and seem to be capable of inspiring a relish in the palates of those who have learned to eat them. The eggs of the terrapin and of several species of the tortoise are excellent for eating, nutritious, and agreeable to the taste, and those of the green turtle are held in great esteem wherever they are found. Says the Monthly: "The mother-turtles lay three times a year, depositing sometimes as many as a hundred eggs at a laying, and carefully covering them up with sand, so that it requires an experienced searcher to detect them. The Indians of the Orinoco and Amazon obtain from these eggs a kind of clear, sweet oil, which they use instead of butter. About five thousand eggs are required to fill one of those jars with oil, yet so abundantly are they deposited that about five thousand jars are put up yearly at the mouth of one of the rivers. The harvest is estimated by the acre. Young eggs are frequently found in the bodies of slain turtles by hundreds, in all stages of development, and generally consisting entirely of yolk. They are often preserved by drying, and are considered a great luxury. Alligators' eggs are esteemed by the natives of the regions where those reptiles abound; and Mr. Joseph, in his 'History of Trinidad,' says that he found the eggs of the cayman very good. The female alligator lays from 120 to 160 eggs; they are about as large as the egg of a turkey, and have a rough shell, filled with a thick albumen. One of the lizards, known as the iguana, is capable of furnishing as many as four-score eggs, which, when boiled, are like marrow. The larve and nymph of ants are considered by many people a choice relish when spread upon bread and butter, and are said to be excellent curried. In Siam they are highly esteemed, and are so valuable as to be within the reach of only the rich. In some parts of Africa, where ants swarm, they are said to form at times a considerable portion of the food supply. They are used in some countries of Europe for making formic acid, and are subject to an import duty. The eggs of insects belonging to a group of aquatic beetles are made in Mexico into a kind of bread or cake called hantle, which is eaten by the people, and may be found in the markets. They are got by means of bundles of reeds or rushes which are put in the water and on which they are deposited by the insects. Brantz Mayer, about forty years ago, noticed men on the Lake of Tezcuco collecting the eggs

of flies which, he says, when cooked in cakes were not different from fish-spawn, having the same appearance and flavor. "After the frogs of France and the bird's nests of China, I fancy they would be considered delicacies, and I found they were not disdained on the fashionable tables of the capital." According to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of 1870 the larvae of a large fly which frequents Mono Lake, in California, are dried and pulverized and mixed with acorn meal and baked for bread or with water and boiled for soup.

## A WOMAN'S GRIT AND GRIP.

Holding by the Gown a Somnambulist Who Was Suspended from a Window.

Last night a lady who resides on Ivy street was "at home" to quite a number of her friends, and a pleasant evening was the result. Before the hour for separation had arrived, however, one of the guests of the lady was taken quite ill and was escorted to a bedroom, where she was disrobed and made to feel as easy as every possible kindness could offer. About 12 o'clock she fell into a quiet sleep, and the young lady who was watching by her side, thinking that her guest had forgotten her pills in sweet slumber, laid down upon a sofa, beside a window in the room, and was soon lost to the cares of this world. How long she slept she does not know, but whilst in the midst of a pleasant dream she felt something brush across her face, and with a start awoke. Her awaking saved the life of her friend, but came near being her own death.

The something which brushed across her face and awoke her was the night-dress of that friend, who had, in a somnambulist fit, arose from her bed and walked across the room to the window, beside which the lady was sleeping. To get to the window she crawled over the sleeping form of her host and then began an exit, which must have resulted in death but for the work of her gown. Hardly realizing what she was doing, the lady grabbed the white fabric which had aroused her with both hands, and as she did so her ears were greeted with screams just outside the window. In an instant she realized that she was holding her friend in mid-air, and that to loosen her grasp on the cloth was to insure her death. She was not physically strong, but with a nerve rarely equalled, she tightened her hold and then joined in with her friend's call for aid. Soon their combined screams awoke the inmates of the house, who hastened to the room and rescued the young lady from her aerial position.

As soon as the somnambulist, for such she acknowledged herself to be, was drawn into the room, the young lady who saved her life fainted, and this morning her nervous prostration is so great that her friends are in great anxiety for her.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## BILLY ARP TELLS OF HIS WIFE'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

We've had a birthday at our house—a semi-centennial, as it were. There are big birthdays and little ones, common ones and uncommon ones, but when the female patriarch of a family, the queen of a household, completes her fiftieth year, and has got 'too much good sense to go back on her age, or be ashamed of it, it is an event,—it is sorter like a golden wedding or the declaration of independence, or some other big thing. But there is no collapse, no surrender, no let down, not a silver thread among the raven hair, no crow's feet or wrinkled brow, no loss of speech or language, no weakness of memory. Sometimes I wish she would forget something, but she can't, and my shortcomings, like Banquo's ghost, come up before me ever and anon. So the queen had a birthday dinner, and she got a nice new dress and a hall lamp, and a beautiful chair, and a pair of peafowls wherewith to raise her own fly brushes, and that night we had music and dancing and song, for Solomon says old age is honorable, and I could never see any good sense in a woman or a widower trying to contradict it. I never expect to be either the one or the other, and can't appreciate their peculiar feelings, but I never hear of a married woman concealing her advancing years, but what I think she is fixing the trigger for a second husband before the first one dies. But one thing is certain—there's no trigger about our house, and there will be no step-father to my children; for, as Mrs. Arps says, sometimes a burnt child dreads the fire. Jesso.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## A WONDERFUL THING OF LIFE.

In our boyhood we often heard of a hoop-snake, one that, bringing its head and tail together, rolled over and over like a wagon wheel. It was said that this snake did its execution with its tail, that being pointed like a needle. We never had the terror of seeing one of them, but did, when about 8 years old, see a jointed snake. The joints were about six inches long. When alarmed the snake fell to pieces, the head joint darting off like an arrow to a place of concealment. That was the last snake of the kind we ever saw until quite recently we saw a hoop-jointed snake. We were walking leisurely one day through our field.

All of a sudden we were startled out of ourselves by something rolling by us, which looked like the rim of a buggy wheel without the spokes. When it passed about ten steps beyond us, in making an effort to turn, it accidentally struck the end of a projecting rail. This must have alarmed it, for at once it fell to pieces, and the head joint darted through a crack of the fence and into the swamp as quickly as possible. Remembering the jointed snake of our boyhood, and that our grandfather had told us if we would watch we would see the head return for the joints left, as badly as we were scared we determined to watch and wait the head's return. Not unmindful that we had been told by them of old time that the only protector from a hoop-snake was to get behind a tree or stump on the opposite side from the one it was coming, we took a position behind an old stump and waited developments.

It was not long before the head came slowly and cautiously through the crack of the fence, raised itself to an angle of forty-five degrees, looked in every direction, and then commenced the work of rejoining its body and tail to its head. This was soon done. Its next movement was to rear itself up perpendicularly, or in other words to stand on its tail. As the head went up we distinctly saw that each joint possessed India rubber qualities, for as it went up each joint became extended until, when the perpendicular position was attained, the head was entirely out of sight. By a mathematical calculation we ascertained its head to be a little less than five miles high, when it passed out of sight. Having taken its bear-

ings it gradually contracted to nine feet. It then made a circular dart for its tail, and without more ado rolled off rapidly in the direction of Atlanta.—*The Clarion.*

## A CHICAGO FATHER'S LOVE.

"My darling papa!" As she spoke these words to her father, the only father she had in all the wide, wide world, Myrtle Hathaway placed about his neck a pair of dimpled white arms, and looked into the bearded face with a trusting, I-would-be-seven-to-three-on-you look that told more eloquently than could any words of the deep love she bore him.

Bending over his daughter, and kissing her tenderly where the Bloom of Youth was thinnest, Mr. Hathaway seated himself on a fauteuil, the girl kneeling by his side.

"Do you love me very much, papa?" she asked, smoothing with her soft white hands the bronzed forehead over which the furrows of time were beginning to spread.

"Why, what a foolish question for my little one to ask," was the reply, and a kiss stopped the prattle of the pretty lips. "You know, my darling," the father continued, "that my whole life is wrapped up in yours; that your happiness is my joy, your disappointments my bitterest woes."

"And would you do anything to please me, papa?"

"Of course I would, my child. Why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"Then," said the girl slowly, every word telling by its pathos of the earnestness with which it was spoken, "take me to the races to-morrow."

Reaching silently around to his pistol pocket, Mr. Hathaway drew forth a quarter-stretch badge and placed it in his daughter's hand. The girl looked at it eagerly, gave a little cry of joy, and kissed her father again.

Rising from the fauteuil, Mr. Hathaway went to the window and looked out upon the night. "God help me," he said in husky tones, choking down a sob that was swelling up from his supper, "I shall be broke to-morrow night, for there are two pacing races and a free-for-all trot on the programme."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Perfectly well, but not long for this world.—Gen. Tom Thumb.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

If ladies are to wear boots will jeweled garters continue to grow in popularity?

A half dollar with a hole in it is like both bowers and the ace—mighty hard to pass.

"Willful waste makes woeful want," says the old proverb, and some fellows often have a woeful want for a willful waste.

If an unfortunate man could coin all the sympathy he receives into dollars, the poor would speedily become wealthy.

Jesse James' outlaw brother is said to be at some eastern watering place, so he will soon find out what it is to be robbed.

In view of the demand for jeweled garters it is thought highly probable that bathing suits will be in demand for evening wear.

It is stated as a fact that some ultra-aesthetic individuals use embroidered mustard plasters. Well, there is no law to prevent such persons from making fools of themselves.—*Hackensack Republican.*

It is astonishing how inefficient a shampoo really is. You have one to-day, and the very next barber that gets hold of you, if but to-morrow, finds your scalp in a shocking condition, "really it is, sir."

"I was within a mile of your house the other day." "Were you?" replied the amiable but eccentric gentleman addressed. "The next time you are a mile from my house, I hope you will stay there all night."

She laid her cheek on the easy chair against his head and murmured, "How I do love to rest my head against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he. "Is it because you love me?" "No; because it is so nice and soft."

A gentleman named Page, proposing to a lady with a pair of gloves, wrote:

If you from glove will take the letter G, Then love remains, and that I send to thee.

She replied:

And if from Page you take the letter P, Then love remains, and that won't do for me.

"Do I look good in this suit, darling?" he asked. "Of course you do, George," she murmured, "you look good in anything."

"Do you really mean it?" he asked in a Charlotte-russe tone. "Of course she does," said her little brother. "I heard her say yesterday that you would look well in anything. She said that you would look well in the lunatic asylum."

"I say, sir, do you want to hire a boy?" said a bright looking little fellow as he stepped into a business office. "What can you do, sir," was the respondent's inquiry. "I can tell the truth, sir," was the bright reply. "Don't want you, my little man; my business can't stand truth telling." "Better take the boy," said a bystander. "P'know him. When he says he can tell the truth, he lies like blazes. He can't do it nor his father before him couldn't either." Boy engaged on modern business principles.

Judge, severely: "How do you know the defendant is a married man? Were you ever at his house?" "No, sir." "Do you know him personally?" "No, sir." "Did anybody ever tell you they were married?" "No, sir; but when I see a man and woman come to the same church regularly for three years, occupy the same pew, and have a hymn-book apiece to sing out of, I don't want to see no marriage certificate. I can swear to their relation all the time."

Some Germans were recently talking over the subject of an elopement which occurred hereabouts, when one asked another if he would be offended if his wife was to elope. "I had you," says Hans, striking the beer-table with his fist, "of my wife should run away mit another man's wife, I would shirk him out of her breeches if she was mine own fadder."

A lady with a young infant was recently presented with a handsome basket bearing on its lining the words, "Welcome, Little Stranger." The basket was greatly admired, especially the painted letters in green and gold, but the nurse, an Irish woman, put in a veto against the salutation, "for sure that was wrong, for the baby is not a stranger, but one of the family."

A good old lady, speaking in prayer-meeting and giving expressions to the joy and confidence she felt, said: "I feel as if I was ready this minute to fall into the arms of Beelzebub!" "Abraham!" You mean Abraham?" hastily corrected a brother sitting near. "Well, Abraham, then," was the response; "it don't make any difference. They are both good men."